

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

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A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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Hope awakens courage. He who can implant courage in the human soul is the best physician. VON KNEBEL.

O SOFT SPRING AIRS!

COME up, come up, O soft spring airs,
Come from your silver lining seas,
Where all day long you toss the wave
Above the low and palm-plumed keys!

Forsake the spicy lemon groves,
The balms and blisses of the South,
And blow across the longing land
The breath of your delicious mouth

Come from the almond bough you stir,
The myrtle thicket where you sigh
Oh, leave the nightingale, for here
The robin whistles far and high.

For here the violet in the wood
Thrills with the fulness you shall take;
And, wrapped away from life and love,
The wild rose dreams, and fain would wake.

For here in reed and rush and grass,
And tiptoe in the dusk and dew,
Each sod of the brown heart aspires
To meet the sun,—the sun and you

Then come, O fresh spring airs, once
more

Create the old delightful things,
And woo the frozen world again
With hints of heaven upon your wings
HARRIET P. SPOFFORD.

For Every Other Sunday.

REVERE — DAWES.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

William Dawes, Jr., always so called because his father, for whom he was named, survived him, was born in Boston, April 6, 1745. Descended from one of the most patriotic families of this his native town, he joined heart and hand most enthusiastically with those of his friends and fellow-townsmen who were preparing to aid in that war with mighty England, the result of which was to make us an independent nation. He became a member of the organization of the Sons of Liberty, was an officer in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. When called upon to act, he showed great efficiency. He took a leading part in the enterprise that rescued from the hands of the British the two cannon belonging to Captain Pad-dock's company of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, which were kept in an English guard-house and watched by a sentinel, and received a severe wound on this occasion, his heavy sleeve-button becoming imbedded in his wrist. It being necessary, of course, to conceal this accident, the wound was secretly tended at night by Dr. Warren till cured.



MADONNA AND CHILD.—C. FROSCHL.

On the eventful night of April 18, 1775, William Dawes and Paul Revere were chosen by the great and good Warren, who was president of the Committee of Safety, to ride from Boston to Lexington, each by a different route, and thence to Concord, where the patriots had massed munitions of war, both to arouse the whole country with the news of an approaching British force and to convey the same tidings to Hancock and Adams, who were at Lexington, that they might escape capture by the English soldiers who were to be sent out to secure them as prisoners, and also to seize the stores at Concord. Both Paul Revere and William Dawes did their part gallantly. But, as Major Dawes was deputed to follow a route much longer than that appointed to Paul Revere, he could not reach Lexington quite so soon, but was only half an hour later than Revere in arriving.

The two brave patriots met in Lexington, and

then went on together toward Concord, but were attacked by a party of British officers, who were concealed in some woods by the roadside; and Paul Revere was captured. But William Dawes, by hard riding and by an ingenious ruse, threw off his two assailants, and escaped being made prisoner. It was the message carried by these two brave men that aroused the minute-men of Lexington, who fought that noble battle which the world will never forget. Both Paul Revere and William Dawes deserve to be equally remembered in history, for they both served their country nobly on that never-to-be-forgotten night.

SHALL aught the historic names divide,
Of those who dared that glorious ride?
No rivals they who through the land
Bore Liberty's renowned command,
But comrades in a cause most dear,
Were William Dawes and Paul Revere

When Warren (Paladin at heart)
Sought who would act a fearless part,
Would safely bear through danger's hour
The word that checked tyrannic power,
He made his hidden purpose clear
To William Dawes and Paul Revere,
And bade them, as they patriots were,
To accept the charge he would confer.
True Sons of Liberty, indeed,
They sprang to serve her hour of need.

One swiftly crossed the beleaguered bay,
Where the watchful sentinel war-ship lay,
And sped amain on his darksome way.
One pressed his steed to pass the foe,
Where English guards marched to and fro.

Successful, gained the country wide,
At speed his longer road to ride.
And the goal of each would be bravely won

If they met together in Lexington.

The wooded lane, the silent street,
Echoed their horses' flying feet.
Apart, alone, foes near at hand,
They went to rouse the slumbering land.
Their voices, piercing through the gloom,
Might seem the very voice of doom.

To clustered homes, by lonely door,
They rang the summons o'er and o'er.
No time to hearken a reply
As the swift horses galloped by.
But listen! from the higher air
The mighty murmur gathering there,
As our great coming nation heard,
And answered "Adsum" to their word.
Through deepest watches of the night,
That solemn call, that speeding flight,
Ne'er might the cry of warning cease,
The astonished echoes sink to peace,

Until the noble race was run,
And the riders clasped hands in Lexington.

Brothers for aye in Freedom's cause,
Brave Paul Revere, brave William Dawes!
What patriot blood beats through the heart
Would hand their memories down apart?
No! let one line of Honor's roll,
One page in History's ampler scroll,
Declare their deed, with merit due,
Accorded ne'er to one, but two,
And a remembering country say
"Revere and Dawes" on Patriots' Day

O Lexington, thou field of fame,
Our lips are proud to speak thy name;
That, writ within the walls of time,
Appears in characters sublime.
When Liberty, upon her throne,
Shall make her list of heroes known,
Bids to her presence each dear son,
With loving greeting to each one,—
A victor's wreath for every brow
Once struck to dust, but radiant now,—
Who calls she first among her brave,
Feared naught of death their land to save?
Who? List her trumpet's noble tone,—
"Come, Minute-Men of Lexington!"

*Other men have said, If I could only live, I
would establish and perpetuate an empire. This
Christ of Galilee says, My death shall do it.*

HERRICK JOHNSON.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE RAINBOW COAT.

BY J. F. MEYER.

JOSEPH was a little boy who lived in a land called Canaan a long time ago. He had eleven brothers and only one little sister. His sister's name was Dinah. I will not tell you the names of his eleven brothers because they would be too hard to remember.

Joseph's father was so fond of him that he bought him a very beautiful and very wonderful coat. It was a coat of many colors. It looked as if it were striped with rainbows, that is why I have called it the rainbow coat. How beautiful it must have looked! How would you like to have a rainbow coat?

This rainbow coat was always changing its color. Just after a rain, when the real rainbow was in the sky, the coat looked most glorious of all. When a storm was approaching, all the beautiful colors of the rainbow coat merged into one inky blackness.

After Joseph had had the rainbow coat a little while, he discovered that, whenever he did a good deed or spoke the word of kindness, the colors of his coat shone so much the brighter, but, whenever he became angry, or did anything bad, or was in the company of wicked men, the colors of his coat lost their brightness, and gradually changed to the same inky blackness spoken of before.

Now Joseph's brothers were very envious of him because he had this coat. So one day Judah, that was the name of one of Joseph's brothers, came to Jacob (the name of Joseph's father), and said: "Father, I wish you would buy me a rainbow coat. I don't see why I should not have a rainbow coat as well as Joseph."

But Jacob replied, "My son, there is only one rainbow coat in the world; and, moreover, a rainbow coat would not be becoming to you, for you have such a violent temper that the coat would look inky black most of the time."

So Judah went away feeling very angry and full of hatred toward Joseph.

The next day Simeon, that was the name of another of Joseph's brothers, came to Jacob, and

said: "Father, it isn't fair for you to make a pet of Joseph. Why don't you buy me a rainbow coat the next time you go to Damascus?"

Jacob and his family lived in the country, and Damascus was a city near by where they did their shopping.

To Simeon, Jacob replied: "My son, there is only one rainbow coat in the world. Moreover, you little know the wondrous qualities of this coat. Whenever it is given to one who does not deserve it, as a piece of favoritism, it changes its beautiful colors to an ugly yellow; but, since Joseph has been wearing it, the colors have become brighter and brighter."

So Simeon went away feeling very angry, and with his heart full of hatred toward Joseph.

So, one after the other, all the sons of Jacob came to him, and asked for a rainbow coat; but he answered them in somewhat the same way that he answered Judah and Simeon. So they all went away feeling very angry, and hating Joseph more than ever.

Now Joseph had a wonderful gift of dreaming. He had dreams by day and dreams by night. He dreamed so much that his brothers called him the dreamer. He dreamed once that he pulled the real rainbow out of the sky, and wound it around his head like a crown, or halo. At another time he dreamed that the lightning, which is the friend of the rainbow, mistook his coat for the real rainbow, and playfully wound itself about him like a serpent.

Sometimes, when he had dreamed, he could make the dream come true by wishing and trying very hard. On this account his brothers hated him still more. Joseph said he would teach them how to dream, if they were willing; but they laughed at him, and said: "Go way, you dreamer. We have our father's sheep to take care of, and have no time to dream."

Joseph said, "If you learn to dream like me, it will make your work so much easier, besides giving you the pleasure of the dream." But they would not listen. Once Joseph dreamed that he was a little star, far up in the sky, and that the sun and moon and eleven other stars came and bowed down to him. At another time he dreamed he was reaping in the field with his brothers, when suddenly the eleven sheaves, which his brothers had bound, all came hopping and jumping to where his sheaf stood, and all made bows to his sheaf.

When the eleven brothers heard this, their anger and hatred toward Joseph was greater than ever. For they said: "The eleven sheaves and the eleven stars mean us. This little dreamer thinks he will rule over us."

Joseph's brothers were all shepherds. They made their living by keeping sheep, goats, and camels.

Once Jacob sent Joseph to his brothers with some supplies which they needed. Just before he left, Jacob said, "Don't forget to ask the boys how that new lot of camels I bought from Laban are getting along."

Joseph said, "Yes, father," and went on his way dreaming beautiful dreams, and his rainbow coat was shining brighter than ever before.

After a very long walk he came to the sheep pasture where Judah, Simeon, and Reuben kept their father's sheep. Judah was the first to see him; and, as soon as he saw him, he called to Simeon, "Behold, here comes the dreamer."

Simeon called to Reuben, "Behold, here comes the dreamer." So they called one to the other till the eleven brothers were all gathered in the sheep pasture, waiting for Joseph. The eleven brothers looked very fierce and wicked. They were all much older than Joseph, and most of them had long black beards. Their faces looked very dark from being out in the sun so much.

They were dressed like Arab chieftains. They all had either a shepherd's crook, a sling, or a sword in their hands.

As Joseph came nearer, the beautiful colors of his rainbow coat suddenly turned to an inky black. He felt very sorry, for he thought he must have done something wrong; but it was the wicked plans of his brothers which made the coat turn.

As soon as he was near enough to speak to them, Joseph said, "How are you, my brothers?" Then he began to inquire about the camels which Jacob had bought from Laban. But the eleven brothers suddenly fell upon him, stripped him of his rainbow coat, and bound him hand and foot. Then, instead of answering his questions, they scoffed at him and made all manner of fun of him.

"Ha, you dreamer!" said Reuben.

"Ha, you boy with the rainbow coat!" said Simeon.

"Ha, you papa's pet, you papa's darling boy!" said Judah.

"Ha, you tale-bearer, you gossip of the desert!" said Naphtali, giving him a little kick at the same time; for Joseph had told his father some of the evil deeds which his brothers had done. Some people think Joseph should not have done this; and they call him a tale-bearer, just like Naphtali. Others think he did right. What do you think?

The eleven brothers all hated Joseph and his dreams. Some of them wished to be rid of him entirely, and even thought of killing him. At last, they decided simply to frighten him, and teach him a lesson. So they threw him into an old, dry, and empty well, and went away and left him there.

The next day Judah and Reuben came to get Joseph out of the well, but the well was empty, and Joseph was gone.

The Ishmaelites had stolen him. They were a roving people, somewhat like our gypsies. They were very fond of stealing little boys and selling them to the Egyptians. Perhaps they were attracted to the well by Joseph's cries for help. They took Joseph with them very far away to a land called Egypt, and sold him as a slave to a man named Potiphar.

The eleven brothers were now very sorry for what they had done. They did not dare tell Jacob what had happened. So they dipped the rainbow coat in the blood of a goat, and made Jacob believe that a wild beast had torn him to pieces.

A great many years after this there was a famine in the land of Canaan, and the eleven brothers had to go down to Egypt to buy wheat and corn.

They were taken for spies at first, and thrown into prison. Then they were brought before the governor of the land, the man who was next to the king in authority. This man was clad in a snow-white garment. On his right sleeve were the pictures of seven fat cows, and on his left sleeve were the pictures of seven lean cows. I may tell you what these cows mean another time.

Now a wonderful thing happened. As the eleven brothers looked upon the governor, various tints and shades of color began to appear in his snow-white raiment. These became more and more distinct, till at last the garment seemed to be striped with rainbows. It was the wonderful rainbow coat once more. It was the first time they had seen it since the loss of Joseph, and the brothers were filled with fear and surprise.

But now the rainbow coat changed all its beautiful colors till it was black as the sky on a dark night. Then they saw a little bright spot in the black, as large as a pin's head, which grew larger and larger till it became a sun. Then another little bright spot appeared, and grew larger and larger till it became a moon. Then a little star appeared, and then another, till there were eleven in all. So there were sun and moon and

eleven stars. The brothers thought of Joseph's dream. That dream was now fulfilled, for the governor was Joseph.

After that Joseph's father and all his brothers came to live with him in Egypt. How Joseph rose from a slave to be the governor of Egypt is another story.

For Every Other Sunday.

PUSSY-WILLOWS.

BY MARGARET B. BARBER.

WHEN little snow-feathers have melted away,
And the wind's 'most forgetting to blow,
There's something all fluffy and downy and soft,—
'Most as downy and soft as the snow,—
Don't you know?

Something more fluffy and downy and soft
Than anything else that can grow
On bushes or trees, or on anything green,
That reminds you of something else, though,—
Don't you know?

Well, one awful cold night, when 'twas just pitchy
black,—
I guess it was ages ago,—
There were lots of small fluffety, puffety cats
That were hissing and scratching,—oh, so!
Don't you know?

Just hissing and scratching at each other's eyes,
When up came ten imps in a row.
And those imps called out: "Shrink 'em! Just
shrink 'em so small
That they'll never be able to grow,
Don't you know?"

"We'll shrink 'em and shrink 'em and shrink 'em
all up,
Till they haven't a tail or a toe;
And we'll make something fluffy and velvety soft,
All furry and gray in a row,
Don't you know?"

So they shrunk 'em and shrunk 'em and shrunk
'em all up,
On a bush there that happened to grow.
And those cute little fluffety, puffety cats,
Were changed into a pussy-willow.
Now you know!

And when little snow-feathers are melting away,
And the wind's 'most forgetting to blow,
If you listen *real hard*, you will hear a soft
"mew!"
From the bush where the pussy-cats blow.
Then you'll know!

For Every Other Sunday.

OLD-TIME CHURCH CUSTOMS.

BY ANNA GULBRANSON.

THE comfortable, even luxurious churches of the present, with the warm, light, and attractive Sunday-School rooms where the children gather, bears no resemblance to the cold, grim meeting-houses of a century ago.

The lot of the average Puritan child on Sunday was not a happy one, according to our modern ideas. He must go to church unless too ill to leave his bed, and sit for hours in the large, square pews, sometimes called "pits," with narrow seats on three sides. These seats were hung on hinges, and were pushed back against the wall, when the congregation stood, during the long prayers and psalm-singing. Then, with a slam, they fell into place; and we can imagine the relief this gave to the pent-up nerves of the boys and girls.

No stoves were in use much before the middle of the century, but the parishioners carried small foot-stoves and refilled them during intermission. Sermons and prayers ranged from one to four hours; and sometimes the unfortunate little Puritans were obliged to take notes of the sermon, and explain them during the "nooning." The pleasantest feature of this hour to the children was doubtless the serving of a lunch of brown bread, doughnuts, and gingerbread, which, let us hope, was compensation for what had gone before.

The clerk or tithing-man was in charge of the congregation, and closed and watched the doors after the service began, so that none might leave. He also turned the brass-bound hour-glass; and how many eager eyes watched this process!

This same useful officer was appointed to "look after ye boys upon ye pulpit stairs"; also to "watch over youths of disorderly carriage, and see they behave themselves comelie, and use such raps and blows as is in his discretion meet."

It is refreshing to read of one delightfully bad boy, who, in spite of the rigorous Puritan training and surroundings, proved himself a real boy by "Smiling and Larling and Intiseing others to the Same Evil, Such as Larling or Smiling or puling the hair of his naybor Benoni Simpkins in the time of Publick Worship."

A complaint was made before the magistrate of another boy in Andover, Mass., who "sportied and played" and whose "wry faces caused laughter and misbehavior in the beholders." Nor were the girls more easily subdued than their brothers; for they slammed down the pew-seats vigorously, and "prophaned the Lord's daye" by "laughing and playing in ye tyme of service."

Instead of the bell which now summons worshippers to church, a man was hired to blow a huge conch-shell, or a drum was beaten, or a horn blown, at the usual time, about nine o'clock in the morning. Sometimes a gun was fired or a flag raised.

All this and much more is interestingly told by Alice Morse Earle in her "Home Life in Colonial Days."

For Every Other Sunday.

LITTLE BOBBY'S ADVENTURE.

BY DOROTHY KING.

I WONDER if my little readers would like to have me tell them what happened to little Bobby one day? Well, if you will all listen very carefully, I will tell you just what it was. But first you want to know who Bobby is, and how I came to know about him, don't you? Do you think he is a little boy just like some of you? Oh, no! Bobby is only a little baby bird with soft fluffy feathers and a pretty little yellow bill, two bright round eyes, and such tiny claws for feet.

Now, of course, Bobby has a papa and mamma just as little boys and girls do; and he also has two little sisters. Bobby's papa's name is Mr. Robin, and his mamma is Mrs. Robin, and the little sisters are called Bright-Eyes and Fluffy. The Robin family live in a large fir-tree very near my window; but they have never noticed me, because I keep so still, when I watch them, that they never think to look at me. When the weather is pleasant, I leave my window open; and then I often hear them talking together. Sometimes Papa Robin scolds his small children, just as, perhaps, my little readers' papas do; and then sometimes Bobby will say something naughty to dear little Bright-Eyes or good little Fluffy, just to tease her. But almost always this sweet family is happy and loving and cheerful, as I am sure all families ought to be; and so you see I cannot help caring a great deal about them.

One morning, when the sun was very bright and

the weather was nice and warm, I took my sewing, and sat close by the window and began to watch the Robins. Pretty soon Papa Robin's cheery voice called out: "Now, children, I am going to give you your first lesson in using your wings. Come with me, Fluffy dear; and we will sit on the edge of our nest." After much coaxing,—for poor little Fluffy was dreadfully frightened lest she would tumble,—she climbed upon the edge, and, with papa's help, moved her wings up and down a great many times. After she was tired, he helped Bright-Eyes; and then at last came Bobby's turn. By this time Bobby was quite cross because he had had to wait so long. So he said: "I don't want to flop my wings up and down. I want to fly the same as you and mamma do. I know I could, if I tried."

"You must wait until you are older," said his papa. "That will not be very long, and then you will be so strong you will not fall." But Bobby thought he knew more than his papa; and so he spread his wings out wide, and flew. But, somehow, his wings did not carry him as well as he thought they would; and Bobby began to fall.

Poor little Bobby! He kept falling and falling, until finally he landed on the ground with a hard thump. Now what do you think happened then?

Before Papa Robin and Mamma Robin could possibly come to help him, a great, big, white cat, who had been watching the family for a long time, pounced on the baby-bird, and crept slowly away with him in her mouth.

"Now," I said to myself, "poor little Bobby will be killed before I can save him; but I will see what I can do." So I ran out of the house just as fast as I could.

By that time all the Robins' neighbors were chasing the cat, too. Crying and screaming and pecking at Tabby, they made a fearful noise. But Tabby did not hear them, or, at any rate, if she did, she did not care; for on she went, with poor Bobby dangling out of her mouth. Just then Tabby espied a big black cat sitting in a heap in the grass right in front of her. The black cat looked very hungry, and he glared so fiercely at Tabby that she grew frightened and dropped Bobby. Do you think Bobby was dead? Oh, no, not one bit dead, only just as frightened as any little baby bird could be. After Tabby dropped him, he fluttered away in the grass as fast as he could; and all the neighbors crowded round him. At this moment I reached him, and picked him up.

Bobby was almost as afraid of me as he had been of Tabby; but, of course, my little readers will know that I did not hurt him. I cuddled him up in my hand, and, followed by the screaming birds, took him to his nest, and laid him in it. Now Papa Robin and Mamma Robin were so glad to get their little baby home safely that they did not scold him at all; and, as I sat in my hiding place in the window watching, I heard them singing merry songs all the morning long they were so very happy. I am sure my little readers are all as glad as Papa and Mamma Robin that Tabby did not eat little Bobby, and that Bobby has grown up to be a nice big robin with a beautiful red breast.

ROBIN'S APOLOGY.

ONE morning in the garden
I heard the robin's song:
"I really beg your pardon
For tarrying so long.

"And this is just the reason,—
Whatever way I flew,
I met a backward season,
Which kept me backward, too."

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

One good mother is worth a hundred school-masters.
GEORGE HERBERT.

For Every Other Sunday.

ASPIRATION.

BY ARTHUR E. LOCKE.

ALONG life's rugged ways, O God,
I strive to walk aright:
The foot-prints where the saints have trod
I fain would keep in sight.

Yet, if I stray, do Thou restore
To me the righteous way,
That I may tread the path once more
That leads to endless day.

Sometimes the glamour of the world
Distracts me from my course.
Sometimes by passions I am hurled
Away from Thee, my Source!

Oh, may I learn to walk in peace,
Through grief and pain and strife,
Until at length I find release
In the eternal life!

For Every Other Sunday.

SOME QUEER HOMES IN NORTHERN SYRIA.

BY JANET SANDERSON.

AS you travel away from Aleppo, you see in the distance what seems like a large field of light-colored cones, some large, some small, some high, and some low; and, as you approach the field, you find it to be one of those cone villages, of which, perhaps, you may have read. It is the little village of Jebrin, containing about eighty families, every one of which lives in a cone or cones.

The lower part of these cones is built of stones. Mud mixed with chopped straw forms the upper part. The walls inside are whitewashed and decorated with various painted designs, and you will find queer-looking ornaments made of paper and feathers fastened about on the walls.

A poor man has one cone for his family; but a prosperous man has several, some even having thirteen or fourteen cones contiguous to one another. A thirteen-cone homestead is built around a yard, the cones forming the enclosure on three sides, while on the fourth is a wall made of mud and stones. The guest-rooms consist of two or three cones, between which are stone arches. On the outside, in front of the cones, on each side of the door, are raised places, where the occupants sleep in summer. Small stone platforms, raised about two feet above the yard, are placed in front of the cones; but many of them are on a level with the yard, and are often very muddy and dirty. There are dogs, dogs everywhere,—among the cones, running from cone to cone along the walls between the cones, barking and growling at strangers, fighting among themselves, and playing with the children who live in the cones.

To the west of Jebrin is another cone village, Nirab. Here, in 1895, were found two *steles*, or gravestones, with Aramaic inscriptions of priests of the moon-god of Nirab. In the list of conquests made by Thothmes III., this town is mentioned. Consequently, it is a very ancient place, and has kept its present name from the earliest times.

To the south of Jebrin one sees a few columns above ground and basalt troughs in the village. The natives had found many basalt blocks, which they built into their cones and walls. The region is full of ruins, scattered about here and there, belonging to the Byzantine, or late Greek, period



EARLY SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND.

Most of the villages round about Jebrin are cone villages, built on land belonging to wealthy Armenians who live in Aleppo; and the cone-dwellers are the tillers of the ground.

Great souls attract sorrow as mountains do storms.
RICHTER.

For Every Other Sunday.

ONE in the freedom of the truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God,
The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,—
The Life that maketh all things new.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

Man is glorious and happy not by what he has, but by what he is. He can receive nothing better or nobler than the unfolding of his own spiritual nature.

CHANNING

OUR children love to look out of the north window of their nursery and see the stars in the early winter evenings. The Great Bear, or "dipper," is their favorite; and a few evenings ago I heard Frankie pointing it out to his little brother Dick. Then Frankie, who is a kind elder brother, went on to tell about the stars. "Dick," he said, "you see those stars up there? Well, they look near together; but they aren't. Why, if we could get up there, perhaps we'd find they were as much as a quarter of a mile apart!" Little Dick was duly impressed with the grandeur of the universe and the immense distances of space.

How far apart really are the stars in the great dipper?

L. T. P.



ADMIRERS OF ADMIRAL DEWEY.

PASSING one day through a ploughed field, and pointing to the clods, Tennyson remarked that to a wood-louse they might look as grand as the Swiss Alps to us. "All greatness is relative," he said. "What are the Swiss mountains themselves, when you know their proportion to the earth? and the earth itself, when you know its proportion to the universe? Then, too, what mystery there is in a grain of sand! Divide and divide it as you will, you never come to an end of it. All that has magnitude is divisible. Two atoms without magnitude cannot make one with magnitude, so you can always divide." He passed then from the consideration of infinite littleness in matter to that of infinite greatness. "Think of the proportion of one human eye to our earth, of our

earth to the sun, of the sun to the solar system, of that to the universe; and then think that one human eye can in some sense be in contact with the stars of the Milky Way."—*Talk with Tennyson.*

God of our fathers, in whose sight
The thousand years that sweep away
Man and the traces of his might,
Are but the break and close of day!
Grant us that love of truth sublime,
That love of goodness and of Thee,
Which makes Thy children in all time
To share Thine own eternity.

J. PIERPONT.

To live thy better, let thy worst thoughts die.
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE MERRY MILK-BOY.

BY S. A. N.

THE boy who brings the milk to me,
A merry, heartsome lad is he:
Come rain, come snow, blow high, blow low,
His whistle would fill your heart with glee.

Up in the dark, cold wintry morn,
Awake and astir before the dawn,
Over the hills and far away,
We hear his whistling roundelay.

No matter what weather may fill the day,
The night be dark or the morn be gray,
Blow high, blow low, come rain, come snow,
His whistle would set your heart aglow.

When the waves on the shore run fierce and high,
And the black clouds scud and the white gulls fly,
What is it we hear mid the roar of the sea?
'Tis the whistling lad, bringing milk to me.

I said to him once, "My dear little lad,
Are you never sick or sorry or sad?"
"Oh, no!" (with a smile): "why should I be?"

And away he went in his whistling glee.

With a tip to his hat and a light in his eye,
He turns to give me a smiling good-by,
Then away with his whistle and rattling can,—

Oh, blessings on thee, my merry man!

For Every Other Sunday.

A HERO.

In Two Parts.—Part 1.

BY ANNE E. PURINTON.

"NO, you can't go. There's too much to be done at home."

"But, father"—

"Never mind!" said his father, shortly. "Business is business. You have got to be at home to-night to light the lamp. Then you must bring in the lobster-pots before Dan Sweeny gets on to my ground. He's a regular sneak-thief; and he's so tricky he would cheat you while you were winking," declared Sam Loomis, as he stepped down from a small pier into the boat. He looked at the pile of lobsters which he was carrying into the city. "Why doesn't Dan Sweeny go on his own ground, and get as many more? He's a shiftless good-for-nothing, and as ugly as a cross-cut saw; and now he thinks my rights are his rights, and he's trying to encroach on me. I guess not!" His voice grew more resentful every moment.

"I'll put off to the reef before I come ashore. And I'll be back some time to-morrow," he said, turning the boat from the pier-head.

"Oh, look here!" he called out. "Mother wants to make some huckleberry pies to-day. You better go over to the island, and pick some berries. And look out and see if the bars are up in the pasture, so the sheep won't fall over the ledge; and give 'em a nibble of fodder that's in the barn. They're hungry enough 'way down inside, I know. And then you better trim the lamp, and clean and polish it. It's about time for the commissioners to be around; and, when I come back, I'll take"—

Joe could not tell what other orders his father had to give, for his voice drifted to him in a minor

key; and, as the boat turned around the point, he lost sight of him.

As Joe walked slowly and regretfully homeward, he could see the lobster-pot buoys bobbing up and down in the sun; and then he saw a fisherman's boat nearing the reef. He knew it was Dan Sweeny on his father's lobster ground. Joe could not have told you what was the trouble between the two men. It was a feud of long standing, and age and familiarity had rendered the subject somewhat stale to him. Dan might grow sick through stealing that morning, for all he cared, he thought, in his disappointment.

Suddenly his repinings were cut short, and he was made considerably shorter by sprawling on the ground.

"Whew! it's bigger'n all git out," he said, rising slowly, and looking at the obstruction, in the shape of a large cod, which lay across his path.

"Guess father dropped it on his way to the fish-house." He kicked it with his foot, and looked at it critically. "There's nothing the matter with it. I'll carry it home to mother. A piece of fresh fish'll taste good; and it's a full mile back to the fish-house." He slung the fish over his back, and climbed up the rocks which led to the light-house.

Nature was in no genial mood when she fashioned this ledge of rocks, which rose precipitantly a hundred feet out of the sea. Only on the land-side did it slope to the water's edge. And, even then, one must know it well, lest they strike the ragged point of innumerable rocks, which seemed like malignant monsters, ready to devour everything that came within their reach. It was three miles from the main land. Sam Loomis was the light-house keeper; and Joe, his son, had never known any other home but this spot, which looked so cold and forbidding, even when the sun shone on the whitened tower.

Yet the whole region was very dear to Joe, and the roar of the tide as it dashed against the face of the rock had been his lullaby since he was born. To him the big white tower was like some huge creature, whose watchful eye defied the tyrant ocean, and gave back to man the safety which Nature took away. No wonder that he loved to care for it. It was a friend in need. And he polished the beautiful rings, which reflected the light from so many angles that the flashes danced over the water with undimmed friendliness, and guided the mariner away from the terrible rocks and the dangerous coast.

Government provided the family with a home, but the little earth which lodged in the clefts of the rocks could not be made to yield anything but the coarsest vegetation. So around the house the ground was left in sandy desolation. On a neighboring island Sam Loomis had built a barn, and in the rocky pastures he kept a flock of sheep. During the summer he made a struggle with the stubborn soil; but the wind played him many a trick, and he was known to declare that he was about tired of seeding the ocean, that nothing would grow except under padlock but sheep and Dan Sweeny's black crows.

It was on this island that his old enemy, Dan Sweeny, lived; and, as Joe went over in the afternoon to obey his father's directions, he halted as he passed his little shanty. There was no one about. He cautiously stepped upon the old wooden doorstep, which had sunk so low that it was almost covered with grass, and peeped into the woodshed. There were the lobsters, sure enough,—a large pile of them; but who knew but Joe that they did not rightfully belong there? A conscious smile fluttered across the boy's face. "If I should tell father, he would be as mad as 'a March hare,'" said Joe to himself. "I won't be hard on Dan; but, if I come across him, I will give him a piece of my mind." That sounded manly; but Joe knew well

enough that, if he should meet him, he would not dare say one word.

With the exception of a few straggling sheep, silhouetted against a squally sky, the island looked deserted. He missed the sight of the old man, who was generally sitting inside his door.

When he reached the top of the hill, he looked over the low stone wall which divided Sweeny's rights from the rest of the island. On a slope in one corner he discovered him. He stopped, and watched him. Dan was on his knees, trying to right a dark slate-stone, which had stood there ever since Joe could remember. The wind had given to it a slant, and it was almost covered with a thrifty growth of huckleberry vines. Though grass and weeds were high around it, there was a faint, silvery trail of a path through the pasture which led to it, as if the dead was still held in remembrance. Some mischief had been perpetrated, for the slab lay flat on the ground. Dan Sweeny's long, lank figure was bending over it, using his feeble energy to right it. He looked so old and helpless that Joe wanted to help him; but his courage could not mount so high, so he walked slowly away. "Nobody wants to help that poor crabbed thing," he said to himself; and then he turned for another look. "I'll be as mean as he, if I live long enough, if I begin in this way 'Tain't encouraging, but I'll try it," he said, suddenly vaulting over the wall, and following the trail until he stood within calling distance. Dan had noticed the boy's approach, but paid no attention to it.

"P'raps I could lift it," called out Joe, nervously.

Dan arose slowly and laboriously. It was plain to see the best years of his life were behind him.

"Get out!" he snarled. There was no mistaking his animosity.

"I'm stronger'n you be," called out Joe, valiantly.

"I don't keer if you be," he called out in a sharp, shrill voice, pointing with an unsteady hand at the displaced stone.

"Yer see that, do you, you boy, you? It was that old black sheep of yours that did it. He made a mistake when he took this place for fodder. 'Tain't once 'n a while, but it's every week 'n every day; 'n he gits bolder and bolder. He'd eat a stove, if he could git it. And you come acrost ter help me, did you?" he said with withering contempt. "You tell yer father I'll shoot that critter. Keepin' still 'll be a good change for him."

"Yes, sir," said Joe, politely, tumbling pell-mell over his heels to get out of the way

(To be continued.)

For Every Other Sunday.

A LITTLE BOY'S LETTER TO HIS GRANDMA.

BY CAROLINE E. BRIGGS.

My grandma, I am glad to-night
A little letter now to write.
I know 'twill give you heartfelt joy,
Because I'm such a little boy.

It's now some time since I came home
From your house, where I love to roam
Among the yards and gardens, too,
With other children and with you.

I love to gaze upon the trees
Where cherries hang so ripe and sweet,
And, what is better far than that,
To have a generous share to eat.

And peaches, too, how nice they looked,
And bent the limbs down with their load!
Oh, how I wish they'd always last,—
They are so very nice and good!

I hope to visit you again

When pleasant spring again shall come;
But now I'll tell you what I do,
And how I pass my time at home.

I go to school now every day,
Unless the weather's very bad,
And get a merit often, too;
And that's what makes me very glad.

Because, you see, they are not given
To children when they disobey,
But when they study and are good,
And notice what their teachers say.

The little book you gave to me
I now can read it very well.
The stories I can understand,
Although some hard words have to spell

And then I useful try to be,
And many little things can do:
I bring up coal for mother dear,
And fill the pail with water, too.

For mother tells me I must try
To useful be in all I do.
Then, when I shall become a man,
I good as well as great shall grow.

To study history is to study literature.

WILLMOTT.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE FOURTH CORNER.

BY RAYMAN DOWSE.

"DON'T play with the Jacobs children. They are Jews. I don't wish you or Harry to go on their side of the street, when they are out. There are plenty of nice children without wasting your time with them. Remember, children." And Mrs. Touraine swept out of the house.

All day long Becky and Isaac Jacobs looked forlornly out of their windows or played marbles and tag by themselves. Two seemed so very few, too few for any game that they knew how to play. At last they grew weary.

"I wonder what's the matter with us, Isaac," asked Becky. "It's always the same, wherever we go. Nobody'll play with us. What have we done?"

Isaac didn't know; but he did know that the children on the other side were having great larks, and that he and his little sister were out of them entirely.

At last he could stand it no longer. "I'm going to try again. Come on. I can play marbles better'n Hardy,—lots. Will Lee said so. We'll ask them what's the trouble with us, Becky."

Boldly they marched across the road to where the jolly group stood. Hardly had they started, ere it dispersed, and they found themselves still alone, more alone than ever because insult had been added to injury; and unhappiness of itself gives a lonely feeling.

Becky began to cry. "What shall we do, Isaac? What can we play by ourselves?"

Isaac had perceptibly brightened.

"There's those rich children on the corner. They'll play, I know. These children can't go with them, either, because they go to a church that has popes and priests and things. Let's try them."

Becky humbly followed in his wake. They walked up to three small children engaged in hopscotch.

For a few seconds they stood gazing longingly at the game. Then Becky's voice rose beseechingly: "May we please play, too? We're so lonely."

Molly looked up. "Why, there are those Jacobs children! We must go in, Will. You know what

mamma said." And, with a disdainful look, she disappeared within the great door, her two brothers following after.

"Will it always be so, I wonder? I'm so unhappy." And they walked dolefully home, hand in hand.

Day after day the same three little groups were seen playing at their especial corners, each eying the other jealously, to see if any one else was having any better time than they were,—none quite happy, each feeling a little better than the others.

Weeks went by, and things were just the same.

The Wilburs moved away, and a new family was coming to live in their house.

There was some excitement in the ranks. To what crowd would these children belong, or would they have the fourth corner for theirs?

Eagerly all watched the men take up furniture and trunks and boxes. It was whispered about that it was the mayor of the city who was coming to live among them. And the children! All the little neighbors so hoped there were children.

At last the carriage came that brought them. First the mayor stepped out, and assisted his wife. Then they both half-lifted out a beautiful little girl.

"It's a very pretty house, papa, isn't it? I am sure I shall be happy here," they heard her say as she was carried in. "And such lots of children!" she cried, as she caught sight of the three crowds staring at her. The little Catholics were very near the little Jews in their excitement to have a good look at her.

"Why, she's lame," whispered one. "And she can't play hop-sotch," mourned Molly, "nor jump-rope, either," she added thoughtfully.

Becky grasped Isaac's fat hand. "Isn't it too bad about her? I never thought but she could run. O Isaac, do you suppose she'll talk to us? She's so beautiful, isn't she? But she must be more lonely than we are, because she is only one, you see."

Soon they saw her at the window inside; and after a time they learned to know that it was her window there on the ground floor, where she could get out on the porch easily in summer-time.

Often she would sit and watch them. Sometimes she would sew, and sometimes read, or at other times just lean back, holding her doll.

There was something curious she used to do at a table, they could not make out quite what; and she would work at it for hours, until her mother came to take it away and make her rest.

She waved to them often; and once, when Becky's best paper doll dropped into the mud, she had sent the maid out with a beautiful one of her own for her.

One day she asked her mother if she might have some children in to play with her.

"I want to know them," she said.

"Yes, dear," her mother answered. "I've been thinking of that. Which ones do you want first?"

"I think I'd like the little girl I gave the doll to. Perhaps she hasn't any girls to play with, either."

Mrs. Jones said nothing about her little daughter's choice, and soon after delighted Becky by asking her mother if she might come and spend the afternoon with Patia.

Such a time as she did have! It was quite worth waiting for,—such a time as that. She found out all about the table, and what went on there,—that Patia made and dressed paper dolls by the dozens, painted and cut them out,—whole families of them. She promised to teach Becky how, so that they could do it together.

The other two corners were very jealous. Nobody else had been to the mayor's except several of the mothers to make calls. Not a child had been inside.

"I was afraid perhaps you wouldn't like to play with me as you do," one day Patia told Becky, "because you and Isaac always stay by yourselves so."

Becky's eyes filled with tears. "We have to," she answered: "the other children won't let us play with them, because we're Jews, you see."

Patia waited. She was sorry she had asked anything about it, and made Becky unhappy.

"Mamma, what have the Jews done that they can't play with the other children? Becky is so good they couldn't help liking her. What is the trouble?"

Mrs. Jones took the little soft white hand of her beautiful child in hers. "They have forgotten that Christ was a Jew," she said.

Patia thought about it a great deal,—a great deal nights, when they thought she slept, but when she lay awake in the darkness.

One day, when the nurse was wheeling her out, she asked to be taken to where the largest group of children were playing.

"You're having such a nice time, aren't you?" she began; and her voice was soft and clear and sweet. The children paused in their play.

For a few minutes she talked with them. "Won't you please play with Becky and Isaac? They want to so much. I can't even run, so I want every one who can to run for me." And she smiled a sweet, sad smile.

"It's because they're Jews," Will told her.

Just then his mother came out, and walked over to Patia. The child looked up at her, her beautiful face full of eagerness and surety that this lady would understand and help her.

"It's about Becky and Isaac I came to ask. I wanted to tell them that Christ Jesus was a Jew. They couldn't have known it before, could they?"

The woman of the world stood silent before the purity of this child of God, this suffering little one. She stooped and kissed her. "I will tell them," she said, and turned to go.

"And about those children over there,—are they Jews, too? They don't play with Becky, either. I'm so troubled about it. It would be like having a party every day. It would be lovely if they would all join together." And her little face was all aglow. "You will help me join them, won't you?"

For answer the lady stooped and kissed the child again.

"I will try my best, dear," she answered, and went into the house again.

Easily it all came about that the children grew together. They were young, and bent at the loving touch.

It made Patia happy when they were at last all assembled at her father's to celebrate her first walking on crutches. Nobody ever thought that she would walk on crutches.

"It's so nice now, isn't it, Patia?" Becky asked.

"Yes, Becky. It wasn't because their religion wasn't good,—because mamma says all true religion has beautiful parts,—but it was because they weren't any of them living up to theirs. I don't, either; but I try, and I love everybody. God is very good. Mamma said so."

THE sect of Christians calling themselves the Society of Friends, but commonly known as Quakers, had its origin in England in the revolt from the authority and tradition which characterized English religious thought in the seventeenth century. Its practical founder was George Fox, who began to preach in 1648. Associated with Fox, at a later day, were Robert Barclay and William Penn, the latter of whom in 1682 founded the colony of Pennsylvania and put Quakerism to practical proof. Before Penn's

appearance in America, converts to the new faith had found their way to New England, where their over-zeal, which amounted frequently to fanaticism, brought upon them the persecution of the Puritans, with banishment and sometimes death. These repressive measures scattered the adherents of the new faith; and we consequently find them seeking new homes in Rhode Island, New York, and especially New Jersey, where their first Colonial Assembly met in 1681. Relief came to the sect in England by the Toleration Act of 1689, and by the proclamation under James II., setting aside all penal laws against dissenters.

In this country the schismatic movement, begun in 1827 by Elias Hicks, almost rent the sect in twain. The discord which broke out among this "peculiar people" was occasioned by Hicks doubting the absolute divinity of Christ, and protesting against interference with the liberty of individual belief. A separation followed. Few of the tenets of "the Friends" are better known than their testimony against oaths and against war. They also denounce slavery, the Quaker poet Whittier taking a prominent part, especially in his poems in favor of abolition. The Society of Friends has to-day in this country a considerable following, the census of 1890 giving them a membership of over 80,000 belonging to the orthodox branch, with property amounting to \$2,800,000. The Hicksite branch of the Quakers embrace 22,000 additional, with a property valuation of \$1,660,000. In Great Britain the Society of Friends hardly numbers 20,000, who are all of the orthodox branch.

Self-Culture.

For Every Other Sunday.

HUMAN ACORNS.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

I SAW an acorn lying on a rock,

On which the sun beat down its fiery glance
The tiny seedling, though of royal stock,
Lay dying 'neath the curse of circumstance.
The sun and wind united in the strife
To cancel Nature's title-deed to life.

A common acorn? No, for in its breast

There lay the germ-life of the mighty tree.
The infant oak stirred faintly in its rest,
And gasped for nourishment and liberty;
And, these denied, the shrivelling prison-cell
Crushed back the aspiring life into its shell.

A sense of pity filled me as I gazed

Upon the oakhood's premature decay;
And with the hand of comradeship I raised
It from the rock, and thrust it in the clay.
For no true man the duty could avoid,
When acorns blasted are great oaks destroyed.

Toward city streets I turned my footsteps soon,
And saw, upon the corner of the street,
A newsboy standing near a thronged saloon,—
Uncouth in garment and with naked feet,
Whose infant strength went out in frantic strains
To keep alive upon his paltry gains.

Upon the barren rock of business lay

This baby prophecy of future man,
Plucked from the cradle of its native clay
And thrust beneath the curse of social ban.
The acorn's simile reminded then
That forms of infants hold the souls of men.

These human acorns lie on every side,

With all the chance of greatness and of death
Upon the cross of commerce crucified,
They pray to us with each expiring breath.
Can we do less than I did in the wood,—
Give them the soil of Christian brotherhood?

The intellect has only one failing, which, to be sure, is a very considerable one. It has no conscience.

LOWELL.

For Every Other Sunday.

MOZART'S LAST REQUIEM.

BY SARAH E. GANNETT.

IN the Corcoran Gallery of Art, in Washington, D.C., hangs a beautiful painting of Mozart listening to the rendering of his last requiem. The picture is the work of Munkacsy, and is very large. The figures are all life-size, and admirable in their pose and expression. In the foreground, in a reclining-chair, propped by pillows and covered by a wrap which lies in folds on the floor about him, is the great composer,—pale, emaciated, and with every evidence in face and attitude of illness and of the solemn change so soon to come upon him. The fire of genius, however, still glows in his dark eyes; and the artist within him shows itself in the earnest, almost wrapt attention which he gives to the performance. One hand, holding the manuscript of the music, is dropped listlessly over the arm of the chair, while the other feebly beats the time of the measure. At his side is the harpsichord; and before him are his friends, each one intent upon doing his part of the rendering of the requiem, and so entering into the soul of the music as to give it the thought and expression intended by the gifted man now singing his last song. His wife leans over the back of his chair, anxiously watching his every movement, while other friends in the background also have their eyes fixed upon him, ready to note the least change in his appearance; for this was the last day of Mozart's life in this world, and even then the death angel was hovering over him as he listened to the music.

Several weeks before this time, while he was at work upon two operas,—one of them intended for use at the coronation of the emperor at Prague,—a stranger called and requested him to compose for him a requiem, promising liberal pay, and even offering part of the payment in advance. He was overworked at the time, and hardly felt equal to undertaking another theme; but the man was urgent, and he consented. Later the stranger came again, and again left partial payment for the music. Mozart labored over it unremittently, intending to make it the greatest work of his life; but his frail body could not answer to the requirements of his soul, and death intervened before the completion of the work. A third time the stranger called; but the gifted man lay dead, his earthly work accomplished. And "his sweetest song was the last he sung."

But, although unfinished, Mozart had left the score in such a condition that a little mechanical work on the part of his friend, Sussmeyer, whom he had requested to complete it for him, gave to the stranger and to the world the requiem almost exactly as Mozart himself would have written it.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THIS number of *Every Other Sunday* falls on a date very near April 19, which in Massachusetts is called Patriots' Day. So we take up an historical subject which is not always clear to young people. Miss Goddard, in her prose and poetical article, "Revere and Dawes," seeks to do justice to a hero who is somewhat unknown. The article is not only interesting, it is valuable, and should be carefully read.

By the way, this account only proves what historians well know, that unknown heroes abound. Great events have often turned on the fidelity and service of individuals who have never received

the crown of fame. It does not take away from the laurels on the brow of Paul Revere to place some honors to the name of William Dawes.

The Editor has a pleasant letter from one of the loyal friends of this paper. He prints it to show how earnest some hearts are in the Sunday-School cause. Would there were more like our friend, who carries this appreciation of the moral and religious training of the young into the years of ripened age! This is the letter:—

Dear Editor,—Will you please accept a few words from a pupil of the Billerica, Mass., Sunday School? I cannot say this is my first year's attendance there, or that I am one of the youngest little girls. Sixty years ago I could have told that story with truth, and all the way since I could have given various accounts of its pleasures.

My present wish is to tell you how much we like your paper *Every Other Sunday*. Besides being a learner in the Sunday School, we have the privilege of the paper, and also to combine all the extra copies in the Post-office Mission work, which we enjoy. Some numbers have been sent to Eagle Pass, Tex., some to Georgia, others to North Carolina. A lady from the latter place told us, after distributing some numbers among the children there, when she visited the school, she had the pleasure of hearing some of the pieces from *Every Other Sunday* recited. So the little seed was wafted by the wind to help other children.

Respectfully, (MISS) ABBY JAQUITH,
Billerica, Mass.

The Editor went South to find spring, but did not have great success. However, he saw many interesting things and had a little "recess." He wishes there was space here to give an account of visits to the White House and the Congressional Library in Washington. In some future number of *Every Other Sunday* we hope to give some pictures of scenes in the capital city with the Editor's description.

We were rejoiced to meet again Hon. J. D. Long, Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Long is famous for his ability in the President's cabinet. We also gladly think of him as a Sunday-School superintendent at one time; and now, as then, a staunch, earnest friend of our Unitarian Sunday-School cause.

BOOK TABLE.

A BOY'S LIFE. This is a remarkable volume, in the sense that it is quite different from most of the publications which are brought to our attention. It is the story of a promising youth who closed his life on earth at the age of sixteen, told by his father. The author is Rev. Henry D. Stevens, a respected minister of the Unitarian faith. His son Arthur was apparently possessed of most winning and worthy traits. The various chapters, wisely allotted as to subjects, give the readers a feeling of tenderness, and affection for this boy, though known to them only through the pages of this little book. The chapter entitled "The Ministry of his Life" sums up the influences which this young character had upon his parents and those who were able to appreciate his nature. It strikes us that this book would be very useful in Sunday-School libraries, beneficial alike to the young and the old in the reading of it. (Boston: James H. West & Co. pp. 118. Price 50 cents.)

LETTER-BOX.

BARRE, MASS.

Dear Editor,—I send you the answers of some of the puzzles in the twelfth number. I didn't understand the pair of puzzles. I am in the fifth grade in school. I am nine years old. My Sunday-School teacher's name is Miss N. S. Rice. My school-teacher's name is Miss M. L. Miller. My birthday is in March. I

send you a puzzle which I hope you will print in your paper. There are fifteen or sixteen scholars in my class at school. I was very much pleased to see my letter printed in the *Every Other Sunday*. Wishing your paper long life, I remain,

Yours truly,
ALICE A. ROGERS.

WINTHROP, MASS.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday School, and take the *Every Other Sunday*. I like to make out the enigmas and anagrams very much. I have never seen one letter published that was written from Winthrop. I would like to see my letter and anagram published very much. Wishing your paper success, I remain

Your friend,
MABEL L. TOWLE.

FAIRHAVEN, MASS.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday School in Fairhaven. I want to send the answer to the Enigma XVIII. by a class of boys. The answer is Battle of Santiago. I hope you will print this letter in your *Every Other Sunday*. Yours truly,

PERCY E. COWEN.

ANAGRAM.

Het tarss rea ntiy saidies ghil,
Nipoeng dan tushgint ni eth ksy;
Hiwle adseisi era het astrs woble,
Ginkltinw nad pasklingr sa hety rogw.

LUCY LEONA GILE.

ENIGMA XXV.

I AM composed of 18 letters.
My 13, 6, 7, is a small piece.
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 17, is a color.
My 12, 10, 18, 16, is a kind of dirt.
My 9, 10, 15, 6, 11, 8, is a soldier on a vessel.
My 2, 3, is a personal pronoun.
My 9, 10, 18, is a color of brown.
My 12, 14, 11, is the light of the earth.
My whole is a late poem by Rudyard Kipling.

MARTHA L. TOWER.

ENIGMA XXVI.

I AM composed of 25 letters.
My 3, 18, 23, is a domestic animal.
My 15, 5, 14, 8, is a vegetable.
My 6, 24, 11, 19, is clean and tidy.
My 1, 21, 4, is to carry liquids in.
My 7, 2, 9, is not in.
My 20, 2, 25, 23, 16, is an officer of the law.
My 13, 7, 2, is a pronoun.
My 10, 5, 17, is a bird.
My 12, 11, 4, is a game.
My 22, 14, 11, 3, is not living.
My whole is from the Bible.

THEODORE H. CLARK.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 15.

ENIGMA XXII.—Ulysses S. Grant.

CHARADE.—Numa Pompilius.

ANAGRAM.—America is another word for opportunity.

THE AGES OF MAN.

1. Presage.
2. Mortgage.
3. Spinage.
4. Mirage.
5. Corsage.

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EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

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